10123

J. Hewlett.

O D E

ON THE

Late NAVAL WAR,

AND

The Siege of GIBRALTAR.

By T. KNIGHT, COMEDIAN.

HULL:
Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by J. FERRABY, in the *Butchery*; alſo by Mr. BROWNE, Bookſeller, in *Lowgate*; and Mr. SWALWELL, at the *Theatre*.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

BRITISH MUSEUM

PREFACE.

THE chief intention of the following Ode, is to give ſome degree of Entertainment, by reciting ſuch Actions as Engliſhmen muſt remember with Pleaſure, and with Gratitude; not that it was thought they are, or ever will be forgot; but as an endeavour, to extend if poſſible the fame of thoſe, whoſe Actions have done ſo much honour to their Country. —

IN making choice of ſuch a Subject an Author is tolerably ſecure: — the reſpect and reverence due to thoſe whoſe Greatneſs he undertakes to praiſe, will mitigate the cenſure which his performance perhaps ſhall juſtly merit; and his deſign at leaſt, will meet with Candour, and Approbation; however defective the Execution may be. —

THE Critic will obſerve, the Subject is rather new for lyrick Poetry: not more becauſe it is of War; than, as it is deſcriptive of progreſſive Events; but we have no reaſon to think, this kind of Poetry ſhould be appropriated; nor, are there any defined Rules for writing it. —

IT may alſo be obſerved, that the Author has not been very circumſtantial as to matters of *time*, and *place*; but Poetry intended for public delivery, will not admit of thoſe nice geographical diſtinctions, and introductory circumſtances,

ſtances, which perhaps would be eſſential to a more extended Poem, deſigned for the Cloſet only: it would but ſerve to render it exceedingly dull, and tedious, and more eſpecially in the preſent caſe, every engliſh Auditor being ſo well acquainted with the circumſtances, to which the Ode alludes. —

If it were further neceſſary to deprecate the Critic's judgment, the particular occaſion for which this trifle was produced, with how much the Author has been ſtinted to time, &c. might have been mentioned; — but the judicious (whoſe opinions alone are valuable), will ever judge for themſelves, will judge with candour, and by their deciſion muſt works of taſte abide. —

As ſeveral Friends have requeſted Copies of the poetical Eſſay called The Volunteer, (delivered in the Theatre-Royal Hull) it is here ſubjoined. —

N. B. The Lines in the Ode between the inverted Commas, are omitted in the delivery. —

Hull, *Dec.* 30th, 1784.

ODE

On the late NAVAL WAR,

AND

The SIEGE of GIBRALTAR.

GREAT warring Pow'rs in Arms ally'd,
To humble Britain's free-born pride,
Securely plough'd the wave:
Soon fire-eyed Freedom gave the word;
Her martial Sons were ſtraight on board;—
And guided by the Brave!—

Fair Peace—alarm'd at ſounds of War,
Retires, with all her train:
Hoarſe Ate thunders from afar,
And echoes on the Main:

In dread Battalia Squadrons meet;
Each forms the Line
With bold deſign:—
To gain a Victory complete!

Wide o'er the Seas on ev'ry hand,
Tremendous Cannon roar:
Prophetic terror ſtrikes the Land,
And peoples all the Shore!

Amaz'd they view the Ships oppoſe
Amidſt contending fire!

'Till both, perchance; ſuch deadly foes,
At once—in Waves expire!—

Peace be to thoſe, who hardly fought
Our Liberty to ſave!
Who Fame, and Glory, bravely ſought;
And found—a wat'ry Grave!—

Britannia loſt a noble Son,
When *Farmer*'s worth was tried; He

He would not *ſtrike*—he ſcorn'd to *run*

He therefore *fought* and *died!*

' Nor let my friendly Muſe forget '

' Brave *Roberts*—ſince well known; *'

' *His* Sun of Life, had nearly ſet, '

' When Farmer loſt his own.'

' But oh thank Heav'n! preſerv'd by Fate'

' He lives to other end: '

' He lives—rewarded by the State— '

' —I'm proud to call him Friend!— '

Brave *Peirſon* too, in bloody fight,

The valiant *Rebel* tried †;

Laſh'd *Arm-to-Arm*; he prov'd his might,

And all his force defied!

Britons 'gainſt Britons—dreadful ſound!

Midſt Blood and Carnage dared!

* He was Lieutenant of the Quebec Frigate when deſtroy'd—afterwards made a Captain, and ſince that, diſtinguiſhed himſelf during the Siege of Gibraltar.

† Paul Jones.

Equal

Equal in Power—each was found;
And each in Conqueſt ſhared!—

Thus—Vict'ry long, in doubtful mood
O'er each contending Power hung:
At length to *Rodney* and to *Hood*
The Neriads Triumph ſung!—

Now ſwiftly ran the vanquiſh'd Foe
Dreading every Britiſh blow:
Vainly firing,
Faſt expiring;—
Noble Blood the Waters ſtain!—
Once more in pride,
The Britons ride,
Triumphant o'er the weſtern Main!—

Again great Freedom rear'd her head,
And cheer'd her fav'rite Iſle:
She wept for noble Children dead,
Then bad the living ſmile.

Commerce

Commerce again reviv'd to ſee,

Britannia rule the Waves:

Tho' bound awhile—we muſt be free—

For Britons can't be Slaves!

S O N G.

Tune, Rule Britannia.

WHILE Britain boaſts ſuch Sons as theſe;

In vain will mighty Foes combine,

To gain the Empire of the Seas—

—Britannia's Reign ſhall ne'er decline!

Alone we bend to Freedom's Shrine:

And Freedom thou art all divine!

C H O R U S.

Alone we bend to Freedom's Shrine:

And Freedom thou art all divine!

Old Neptune meant his Sea-girt Iſle,

The Empire of the Main ſhould keep:

Why

Why elſe on Britain's Navy ſmile?
Why elſe ſurround us with the Deep?
Alone we bend to Freedom's Shrine:
And Freedom thou art all divine!

CHORUS.

Alone we bend to &c.

In Friendſhip's bonds unite at home,
And Britain ſtill, ſhall Britain be—
'Tis theſe, and only theſe become;
Deſcendants of the Brave, and Free!

Alone we bend to Freedom's Shrine:
And Freedom thou art all divine!

CHORUS.

Alone we bend to &c.

AFFRIGHTED Peace ſtill kept aloof;
Strange Omens fill'd her Mind;
Fearful to quit her wood-bine roof,
Repoſe ſhe could not find.—

Her

Her boding Genius ſtrong preſag'd,
Again our Foes would be engag'd;
Again would rally, and combine,
And tho' they'd met a dreadful ſhock,
Beſiege—oh vain! the ſea-bound Rock,
And 'fore Gibraltar form the Line!

Her fears were juſt—with warlike pow'rs
That trebled ours,
The Siege they ſtraight began:—
As if a ſecond Trojan War,
Great Engineers they ſought afar,
To ſtorm the mighty Man!—

The human mind
Was rack'd to find,
Means, conqueſt to enſure:—
They view'd with wonder ev'ry ſide,
That's daſh'd by Neptune's angry tide,
While *Elliot* ſate ſecure!—

At length the foe—terrific thought!
On Ocean's boſom ſtrangely wrought,
And floating Batt'ries made!
Their ſtrength and form
Were made to ſtorm,
Or ſtarve, by firm Blockade!

The Fortreſs, was alarm'd to ſee,
Outſtretch'd upon the briny Sea,
Such mighty Bulwarks ride!
No outward force, could dare oppoſe,
Th'unnumber'd hoſt of warring Foes;
So favour'd by the tide.—

The outmoſt works they ſoon deſtroy,
And ſhouts of loud triumphant joy,
Accompany the hoſtile deed:—
The Guards advance—and drawing near,
The batter'd breaches to repair,
They fall!—and others them ſucceed!

But

But now — thro' out the Fort was ſpread,
Than Arms — they'd ſomething more to dread;
A gen'ral want of food!
When lo! on Ramparts that command,
A view of all — on either hand:
The Vet'ran *Elliot* ſtood! —

Serene he view'd the force of Spain
With France allied, upon the Main,
Where noble Youth and Wiſe,
Collected were
To glory ſhare,
His *Rock*, their deſtin'd prize!

Thought preſs'd on thought, while here he ſtood,
On wond'rous things intent;
His ev'ry wiſh — his Country's good! —
— And this alone his bent!

From Arms ſaid he we cannot fear;
Tho' Millions more in Arms appear!

The Rock we'll ſtill defend!
Our patriot fire
Shall ne'er expire;
While Gods our Cauſe befriend!

'I love my Soldiers; they, their Chief'
'Then let us bravely die!'
'Kind Heav'n from famine ſend relief,'
'We'll yet the Foe defy!'

At this — as if by Heav'n inſpir'd —
The brave old *Hero*'s ſoul was fir'd,
And vaſt ideas caught:
Which, foſter'd by his patriot Mind
Capacious, equal, great, refin'd;
Were to perfection brought!

He counſel call'd, and did impart,
The ſecret wiſhes of his heart; —
They hail him brave and wiſe!

Deſpair

Deſpair was baniſh'd from the Lines
Swift hope gives univerſal ſigns
All dangers they deſpiſe!

Sound then to Arms! the Hero ſaid;
And quickly to the Ramparts led,
Great Mar's intrepid Sons!
They ſtraight advance, at his command,
The faithful, brave, the martial Band
With ſpeed prepare their Guns.—

The Gods beheld the awful ſight—
His Soldiers panting for the fight:
While he ſurveys the Foe—
Dead ſilence reign'd—he ſaw full well
His pow'rful Batteries would tell,
And ſtrike the fatal blow!

He turn'd—and with a Patriot's care,
Bade all his fellow Soldiers dare,
Their utmoſt pow'r to try:

You fight (ſaid he) your *Country*'s Cauſe;
For *Liberty*! — for *Freedom*'s Laws! —
Then *conquer* Friends — or *die!*

And now — an awful pauſe enſued —
When from the Walls,
His *Red-hot-Balls*,
Deſtruction's deadly work renew'd: —
With dying groans, and mingled cries,
The Foes tranſpierce the vaulted Skies,
In Waves they faſt expire!

Some face the Storm — and from above
Suppoſe the Bolts of thund'ring Jove
Now ſet the Seas on fire!

Confuſion, Horror, and Deſpair,
Thro' out their Fleets at once appear;
Their pow'r of Action loſt!
While from within, rude War's alarms,
Redoubled by the britiſh Arms,
Reſounds to either Coaſt!

—At length—the num'rous Foes allied,
In routed parties; with the tide
Confuſedly retreat:
While crouded batt'ries, left behind,
In raging Flames to Death conſign'd:
Make Victory compleat!—

The tumult ceas'd—and from afar
Were ſeen, the dire effects of War;
The Seas with Wrécks o'er-ſpread:
Deſpairing foes—reſign'd to fate,
On floating Rafts, in numbers ſate,
The living, with the dead!

The Britons now no malice bore—
They haſten to the rocky Shore,
To lend their inſtant aid:
With gen'rous, hoſpitable hand,
They bring their helpleſs foes to land:—
The Deed—*itſelf* o'er-paid!

Soft pity pictur'd all their Woe;
Humanity forgot the *foe*;
Each Briton was their friend:
Each Briton felt — 'twas nobler far,
To *ſave*, than to *deſtroy* in War:
'Tis here it's glories end!

Thus — thus the brave th'intrepid few,
Whole Nations put to flight: —
Renown and Glory muſt enſue,
For Mercy crown'd the Fight!

Big with immortal Fame;
Great Elliot's Name!
'Bove envious time ſhall raiſe: —
Then let each britiſh heart and voice,
Inſpir'd by Liberty, rejoice,
And ſing, his well earn'd praiſe!

SONG.

SONG.

Tune, To Anacreon in Heaven.

'OUR Foes now defeated, and Conqueſt compleat, '

' We'll ſing *Elliot*'s praiſe, for the Fortreſs is free ; '

' In vain will they ſtrive — ſuch a place to defeat, '

' While he guards the Rock ; the great pride of the Sea : '

' His brave britiſh heart, '

' Ne'er in Conqueſt did part, '

' From Humanity's Laws — the great boaſt of our Iſle ; '

' Tho' potent as Death — yet he ſhew'd 'twas his Plan, '

' That Mercy in Triumph ennobled the *Man !*

CHORUS.

' Tho' potent as Death — yet he ſhew'd 'twas his Plan, '

' That Mercy in Triumph ennobled the *Man !*

Tho' all earthly powers combine to attack,
The fam'd Rock, as they did, Priam's City of old :
Such a Garriſon (faith Boys) would ſoon ſend them back,
And teach them the danger of being too bold !

To

To prove my Words true,

Won't the Dons ever rue,

His Balls that like Thunder, and Light'ning conjoin'd?

Hurl'd Deſtruction *red-hot* — and deſtroy'd their great Plan:

— Yet — in Triumph — the Victor remember'd the *Man!*

C H O R U S.

Hurl'd Deſtruction *red-hot* — and deſtroy'd their great Plan:

Yet — in Triumph — the Victor remember'd the *Man!*

While thus the *old Soldier* of *Gib* lifts my Voice,

And *Curtis* — brave *Curtis!* ennobles my ſtrain;

Britannia in glory, ſhall loudly rejoice;

To hear they've defeated — *France*, *Holland* and *Spain!*

Ever honour'd their Fame:

Ever bleſs'd be their Name!

While Britons a ſenſe of ſweet Gratitude know!

Like Heroes they form'd — and conducted their Plan:

And in Triumph, the Victors, remember'd the *Man*!

C H O R U S.

Like Heroes they form'd — and conducted their Plan:

And in Triumph, the Victors, remember'd the *Man*!

Ye Gods! who look down, on ſuch Deeds with delight!
Extend for example, their fame, far and near;
Humanity ere ſhall attend on the fight
And ſuch Britons be quoted, to baniſh baſe fear,
Their lives I'll engage,
Shall improve Youth and Age;
Then fix on their temples, the Wreath that ne'er fades:
'Tis their due did you know—what has ſtill been their Plan:
—'Twas in Triumph, the Victors remember'd the *Man!*

CHORUS.

'Tis their due did you know—what has ſtill been their Plan:
—'Twas in Triumph, the Victors—remember'd the *Man!*

THE War-tired Muſe, that erſt with battles fired
Well pleas'd, is now, by ſofter pow'rs inſpir'd:
Wars rude alarms, at length, are heard no more,
And halcyon Days, reviſit Britain's Shore:
Fair *Peace*, ſerenely reaſſumes her ſway;
And o'er the Iſle emits her genial ray:

All-cheering *Freedom*, thro' each fertile plain,
In grateful warblings hails her gentle reign :—
Commerce — near *Ocean*'s ſide has ta'en her ſtand,
Wafting her freighted Veſſels to the Land ;
She owns 'tis *then* ſhe thrives, and *then* alone,
When *Peace* ſits Guardian of the Engliſh Throne !
Now *Plenty* too, (her humble off'rings paid)
Attends the Seaſon of the Nut-brown Maid :
Ripe *Ceres* — bounteous to her granted Will,
In great abundance does her Lap refill :
Blythe *Labour*'s Sons, all joyous quit the Loom,
To reap — and ſing — a double Harveſt home !

Nor do the bleſſings of ſweet *Peace* end here ;
Hymen too holds it as a thing moſt dear :
Couples, long parted, now ſhall meet again ;
Renew the fond embrace — and in the ſtrain
Of heav'nly Concord — (tender as the Dove)
Carrol thankſgiving to the God of Love !

'Tis

On ev'ry ſide, diffuſive bleſſings flow;

And Britons *feel*—what none but Britons *know*.—

'Tis yours then, to preſerve thoſe bleſſings ſhewn;

For ev'ry Briton's Guardian of his *own!*

Our envied Government; with choiceſt care,

And wiſeſt caution, did our *Sire* prepare,

Let *Wiſdom* then, and *Probity* her Mate

(To *ſee*, and *chooſe*, what beſt is for the State)

With *Peace*, *Diſpatch*, and *Secreſy* preſide,

Britain ſhall ſtill—to ſelf alone allied

Be bleſt and happy!—"watch o'er Europe's fate

And hold in Balance each contending State:"

Still ſhall her Sons, contented with their Lot

Boaſt Freedom's Iſland—is their native Spot.—

—For Britain's Sons, then ſweep the Lyre:

Again, great Liberty inſpire,

Again your Voices raiſe:

Unite—unite;

And ſtill delight,

To chorus Freedom's Praiſe! SONG.

SONG.

Tune, When order firſt, &c.

WHEN Freedom left her Seat in Rome,
And flew to Heav'n awhile:
Great Jove decreed 'twould beſt become,
To fix her on this Iſle!

Then let each britiſh Soul,
Her glorious Cauſe maintain;
We ever ſhall controul,
The Powers of France and Spain!

CHORUS.

Then let each &c.

Here Freedom ſits enthron'd in State;
The Virtues here attend:
And here the ſacred Nine await,
Her Perſon to defend. —

Then let each britiſh Soul,
Her glorious Cauſe maintain;

We

We ever ſhall controul,

The Powers of France and Spain.

C H O R U S.

Then let each britiſh Soul,

Her glorious Cauſe maintain;

We ever ſhall controul,

The Powers of France and Spain!

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THE

VOLUNTEER,

BRITISH MUSEUM

A

POETICAL ESSAY.

As delivered at the Theatre Royal HULL, 1784.

The VOLUNTEER,

A

POETICAL ESSAY.*

WHEN ancient Rome, the boaſt of ev'ry Age,
In times of danger would her Sons engage;
Invaders to repell, or Battles fight,
Beyond the tow'ring Alpine Mountain's height;
The Annals of her boaſted Times declare,
Whoe'er was Roman — was a *Volunteer*.

Hence, the great Deeds, whence all her glories came,
Her Pow'r ſupreme and her immortal Fame! —

While Fancy prompts then, with poetic fire,
And grateful thoughts, my lab'ring Breaſt inſpire,
Enamour'd of my Theme — dreſs'd Cap-a-pé,
(In Habit of the Sons of Liberty)

* For the better underſtanding ſome two or three Phraſes in this Eſſay, it may be neceſſary to obſerve, it was originally intended to have been ſpoken in the Leeds Theatre, before the honourable Corps of Leeds Volunteers; as a grateful tribute for their having obliged the Author.

My

My tribute let me pay — indulge me here,
To ſpeak the *Virtues* of a *Volunteer*.

When curs'd *Ambition* ſhall with *Tools* combine,
To ſap our Priv'leges, and Rights divine;
Dread Factions forming for their helliſh End,
Pretending ſtill they Freedom's Cauſe defend:
How aw'd! — when Liberty herſelf appears,
United in a Corps of *Volunteers!* —

When round the Bowl, the ſocial merry joke,
Convivial roars of Jollity provoke,
Till even Laughter, " holding both his Sides"
Sinks down — and Dulneſs over all preſides,
What more can rouſe? or, what ſo much re-cheer,
As aptly giv'n a fav'rite *Volunteer?*

When Widows weep, by Cruelty oppreſs'd,
And Orphans pray to have their Cauſe redreſs'd;
Debarr'd from Law — becauſe they cannot pay,
As much as Knaves — whoſe Wealth bears ſov'reign ſway,

The VOLUNTEER,

A

POETICAL ESSAY.*

WHEN ancient Rome, the boast of ev'ry Age,
In times of danger would her Sons engage;
Invaders to expel, or Battles fight,
Beyond the towring Alpine Mountain's height;
The Annals of her boasted Times declare,
Whoe'er was Roman — was a *Volunteer*.

Honor, the great Deeds, whence all her glories came,
Her Pow'r supreme and her immortal Fame! —

While Fancy prompts then, with poetic fire,
And grateful thoughts, my loving Breast inspire,
Enamour'd of my Theme — dress'd Cap-a-pe,
(In Habit of the Sons of Liberty)

* For the better understanding some few of these Expressions in this Essay, it may be necessary to observe, that it has been taken in the Characters of Roman Volunteers; as a grateful Tribute for their having obliged the Author.

My

My tribute but the pay—ings are these,
To speak the *Virtues* of a *Volunteer*.

When cursed *Ambition* shall with *Pride* combine,
To sap our *Privileges*, and *Rights* divine;
Dread *Factions* forming for their hellish End,
Pretending still they *Freedom's Cause* defend:
How swift—when *Liberty* herself appears,
United in a *Corps* of *Volunteers*!—

When round the Bowl, the social merry joke,
Convivial roars of Jollity provoke,
Till even Laughter, "holding both his Sides"
Sinks down—and Dulness over all presides,
What more can raise? or, what so much re-cheer,
As aptly giv'n a fav'rite *Volunteer*?

When Widows weep, by Cruelty oppress'd,
And Orphans pray to have their Cause redress'd;
Debar'd from Law—because they cannot pay,
As much as Knaves—whose Wealth bears foreign sway.

How will the Tyrants droop, to ſee the Fair
Humanely aided — by a *Volunteer !*

In Duty bound the Ladies to ſupport,
The Guards we are of ſov'reign Beauty's Fort ;
Devoted to *your* Service — we ſhall hold,
Obliging *you* much better pay than Gold ;
To march, or ſtand, we're ready at your call,
For *you* our *Chieftains* are — our *all-in-all,*
Approve our Zeal — our free-born Cauſe commend,
And Love's dear rights, for you we'll ſtill defend ;
In Love you'll own — your cheerful ſmiles declare,
None ere can ſerve you — like a *Volunteer.*

When foreign Foes, the Nations Laws invade,
And threaten Ruin to our gen'ral Trade ;
Our Forces drawn to ſtrike a diſtant Blow,
Our Coaſts furrounded by the common Foe ; —
Or, cloſe beſieg'd — beſet with dangers round,
Retreat cut off — no means of ſafety found,

Slav'ry

Slav'ry at hand, and drooping *Freedom*'s cry,
Sons nobly *conquer*, or more bravely *die*;
'Tis then for *Liberty*, *we'll* nobly dare
'Tis then our Enemies — ſurpriz'd, will fear
To meet in Arms — the *loyal Volunteer!*

If at Elections they'd adopt our plan,
And now revive what our great Sires began,
To uſe no influence, with *Gold*, or *Voice*,
But leave each *Vote*, to *voluntary* choice,
No tedious *Scrutinies* * would then be known,
No needful *reformation* ſhould we own —
The Friends to *Liberty*, would hold *moſt* dear
The Sov'reign Virtues, of a *Volunteer!*

* Alluding to the Scrutiny of the Weſtminſter Election in the preſent Year.

F I N I S.

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